



"I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him; — the cause that I knew not I searched out."—Job xxix. 12, 16.

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## Advocate and Guardian.

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### SPECIAL NOTICE.

In order to avoid mistakes in respect to our letters, received by mail, we earnestly request that hereafter all letters on business of the Society may be addressed thus:

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No. 29 East 29th Street,

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NEW YORK.

Please be particular to place the above box number on all letters.

For Terms, see Last Page.

For the Advocate and Guardian,

### THE CONVICT BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

"As I was passing up the wharf on my return home, I saw several men lifting a woman from the side-walk. She looked like a dead person. I thought it was some bad woman who had been drinking ardent spirits. But no! it was a broken-hearted mother crushed at the thought of parting with a wicked son for five long years."—Extract from *Leila's letter to E. L. E.* on her return from the steamboat, where she had been bidding adieu to a convict boy, whom she had visited during his confinement in prison.

Ax, raise her kindly, tenderly,  
Why has she fallen there—  
A woman, on the public walk,  
In the chill morning air?

A woman—is it want or shame?  
Is it the death-cup's spell?  
No! 'tis a mother's breaking heart,  
That crushed her where she fell.

In hut or palace, home or street,  
Such is affection's power,  
The strands of life seem parting off,  
In dark, farewell hour.

So had *they* parted—she to weep  
A parent's bitterest tears,  
And he, her erring boy, to keep  
The convict's home for years.

I know not how the tempter lured  
His youthful feet to stray,  
I know not if her heart had learned  
For him to watch and pray.

But there was *love*, a mighty thing  
Within a mother's breast,  
And care—had he not nestled long  
Close in that sheltering nest?

O God, by whom such love is given,  
In her heart's agony,  
It must be that a cry had risen  
Up from its depths to Thee!

I had a mother, and she knelt  
At night beside my bed,  
Her kiss upon my cheek I felt,  
Her blessing on my head;

The angel of my wayward years,  
The saint who prayed for me;  
That mother, stricken to the earth,  
Perhaps is such as she!

Poor boy! If on thy youthful soul  
The blight of sin has lain,  
If crime upon thy fairer name  
Has left its fearful stain;

If thine has been the murderous wrong  
To break a mother's heart,  
(Nay, with a false unmanly shame  
Quench not the tears that start.)

Thy sorrow is a bitter flower  
Of evil's poisonous root;  
Yet nurtured with repentant care,  
May yield thee precious fruit.

Though lost to life's most lovely things  
By passion, pride, or will,  
I know of good, within thy soul,  
Some germ remaineth still.

There yet is hope: thou hast the power,  
Despite the strength of wrong,  
To lift thy future manhood up  
To something good and strong.

Knowest thou of One who deigned to die  
To rescue such as thou,  
Who stoops to pity and to love  
And be thy helper now?

He bends above thy cot at night,  
He sees thy work by day,  
And when the tempter whispers ill,  
He bids thee turn and pray.

He offers all that life can bring,  
Of virtue, joy and peace,  
And tells thee of a better world,  
Where sin and errors cease.

O, by the heart still following thine,  
Thou couldst not choose to break,  
And by that other Love that bore  
Its burden for thy sake,

I pray thee to *repent*—and find  
How sweet the change will be;  
Where broken hearts are healed, and Christ  
Is all in all to thee.

His love will wash the stain away  
That lingers on thy name,  
His pardon cure the fatal blight,  
Of error, crime, and shame.

[We find the following excellent counsel in a late number of the *N. Y. Evangelist*, and knowing that we have many friends who send our paper to loved ones in the army, we insert it, hoping it may thus reach some who would not see it otherwise.]

### TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY.

*Beloved Friends:* Will you permit an aged friend who loves you, admires your patriotism and courage, and who daily prays for you, and sincerely desires your temporal and eternal welfare, to address you for your good. We live in a world where there are many trials, many things to annoy our comfort and destroy our peace, but we are to remain here only a little while, and yet have commenced an existence which will never end. As we spend our lives here, so will it fare with us in eternity.

We are all of us exposed to sudden death, under any circumstances, and may be called away at any moment.

"Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb."

And yet the dangers are greatly increased to those who go forth to war. It is vastly important that all be prepared for death, as th

may be no opportunity to make preparation when the summons comes. We believe you are engaged in a righteous cause, and if you are prepared for death, you may as well die upon the field of battle as anywhere else. Treason and rebellion must be put down. For this purpose you have willingly enlisted into the army. This is not only to defend your country and its government, but it is in defense of everything you hold dear, or that may be of benefit to you, to your fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and children.

Consider, then, how you may do good to your country, glorify God, and serve your own temporal and eternal welfare. First, and *above all*, give your heart to God, repent of and forsake sin. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Seek first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you."

Second, faithfully perform all the duties of a Christian, both to God and to your fellow-men. No officer or soldier can be said to be fully equipped unless he have with him a copy of the Holy Scriptures. Carry the Bible constantly on your heart. It may be an effectual shield to preserve your life in the day of battle, and it will be a guide and consolation to your soul, if you read it with right feelings.

Some portions of the sacred Scriptures should be read daily, by all. As you will find considerable time, not necessarily employed about the war, if you improve every leisure moment in reading the Bible, you may read it through at least once every year. If you have right feelings, the more you read it the more you will love its precious truths.

I very much admire the conduct of that colonel who took a Bible from his pocket, and read a verse, and directed his soldiers to do the same, which they willingly did. After this they united in singing a hymn, and the colonel led them in prayer. Should that practice be continued, and all other things in accordance with it, that colonel will never lack the love and confidence of his soldiers. He will never need to use profane oaths, and harsh threats, to incite them to perform their duty under any emergency. They will be likely to exercise towards him that affection which obedient children feel to a kind father. I do not expect to hear that *that regiment has been defeated by many or by few*.

Not only is it necessary to read the Bible and pray in the regiment, but as a family in the tent, and also in the closet. Christ prayed with his disciples often as a family, and he taught them how to pray as a family, in what is called the Lord's Prayer. Although daily surrounded by great multitudes, yet He found times and places to pray in secret. He arose a great while before day, and went out into a solitary place and there prayed. He frequently went up into a mountain to pray, and some-

times continued all night in prayer to God. His precious example is worthy to be followed by faithful disciples. We are always dependent upon God for life, health, and all things. He has commanded us to acknowledge him in all our ways, and if we do this, He has promised to direct our paths. What a blessed privilege it is, that we may have an Almighty Friend to whom we may apply at all times, and may know that he is always willing to help us, if we ask him in a proper manner. It is possible some of you may ridicule the idea of being entirely dependent upon God, and may scorn the thought of ever praying to Him! Yet you cannot draw a breath, or make the smallest motion without Him. It is not only a duty but a high privilege, that we may at all times trust in the living and true God.

Could we have a true history of all the righteous wars which have ever taken place on earth, which have been successful, it is highly probable that in every case such success was in answer to the prayers of some of the people of God. Perhaps it may have been a poor widow, whose only son was in the army a thousand miles distant. This young man though prayerful and brave, was a common soldier; and though he performed the most important acts, yet perhaps his name was never known out of his own regiment.

L. H.

#### TRUE PATRIOTISM.

PATRIOTISM is love for one's country. We mean, however, far more by this than that merely natural and instinctive sentiment which every where and in all cases, except of monstrous perversion and depravity, attaches men by a peculiar affection to the land of their birth. If to be a patriot were simply to love one's own country better than any other, and to choose to live and die in it, rather than in any other region of the earth, then it would be safe to say, speaking generally, that all men are patriots. Indeed, what might thus be said of men, would be about as true of beasts, for the lion and the panther, and the screaming jackal, are no where so much at home and so contented as among their native jungles; and even serpents love best the rocks and everglades among which they were hatched. Such a definition of patriotism would make it the virtue even of traitors and murderers, and thieves, and robbers, who trample on all their country's laws, and live by preying on its best and dearest interests.

Patriotism is that love of country which wholly subordinates the citizen to his country's good, and leaves him no selfish interest to serve or selfish wish to gratify that is at variance with his country's welfare. It is that love of country which makes the citizen obedient to its laws, zealous for its honor, heartily devoted to all its wise and righteous ends—an earnest conservator of its purity and peace, and in all emergencies a defender of its rights at any cost

of personal convenience and ease; if need be, at the hazard and cost of his life. The true patriot is one who looks upon himself and all that he possesses as belonging, under God as supreme, to his country, and is ready at her call in the hour of her need, cheerfully to lay himself and all that he possesses as a sacrifice upon her altars.

#### THE NATURE OF THE TRIAL.

I believe we are perfectly satisfied now, that the hour has come in which, beyond a peradventure, the question is to be settled, whether our great American Republic possesses the power to perpetuate itself; whether it can exist, or whether it must perish. We have been in the habit, and the whole world has been in the habit of regarding the government established over this country by Washington and his compatriots, as an experiment. No man, so far as I am aware—few, at any rate—in their most sanguine moments, have claimed for it more than that. It was an experiment, inaugurated, undoubtedly, in circumstances most propitious for its success—separated by wide oceans from all its powerful natural enemies, and on a theatre supplying it with the amplest resources for the fullest and fairest trial, in the hands of the best and purest men that the world had ever known, to provide whom God had winnowed the nations. It was an experiment. It has been an experiment in all its history hitherto; but the time has now arrived when it is to be an experiment no longer. The final test is at this moment being applied to it, and the whole world stands agaze to contemplate the issue.—*From a discourse by Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Cincinnati.*

#### THE YOUNG MOTHER'S LESSON.

"You look sober, Bella. What's the matter?"

The remark and question came from Aunt Rachel, who had called to spend an afternoon, and take tea with her niece.

"I feel sober, just at this time, aunt."

"No unusual cause for uncomfortable feelings, I hope," said Aunt Rachel.

"O, no; nothing unusual. It's the old story with me."

"Why, Bella! This is strange news. What has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing wrong with myself, aunt," was replied; but that oldest boy of mine is growing so self-willed, disobedient and ungovernable, that I am half in despair about him."

"I'm sorry for that, Bella. Perhaps you have indulged and humored him too much."

"I think not. From the very first, I have made it a rule to repress, as far as lay in my power, every thing disorderly and evil; to require strict obedience to my word, on pain of certain punishment. No, aunt, I do not think the fault lies at my door. Edward has a strange disposition, I don't know what to make of him."

sometimes. He seems bent on doing the things I interdict. Only half an hour ago I found him in the library, with a handsome book lying open on the floor, marking some of the fine illustrations with a pencil. Once before I had punished him for this very thing, and here it was again!"

"And you punished him again?"

"I did; and severely."

"Where is he?"

"Shut in a room by himself."

"Over-head?"

"Yes; that's he pounding on the floor, now. Just hear what a noise he is making! And it isn't ten minutes since I threatened to whip him if he did it again."

Bella went hastily from the room, and going half-way up stairs, called, in a sharp, commanding voice:

"You Edward! What did I say to you about that noise, a little while ago?"

No answer.

"Do you hear, sir!"

Still no response.

"Why don't you answer me?"

A sulky muttering now came from the room.

"Don't let me hear that noise again, sir, or you'll be sorry for it!"

"Can't I come out, mother? I'm tired of staying here."

"No, sir; you can't come out, you naughty boy."

"I will come out," screamed the boy.

This was more than the excited mother could endure. Springing up stairs, she unlocked the door, and entered the prison-room. Aunt Rachel sighed as she heard rapidly-falling strokes, and the cries of Edward.

"You see," said Bella, as she returned, with a flushed face and angry-looking eyes, to the sitting-room, "what trouble I've got before me. What am I to do with such a boy, Aunt Rachel? I've tried every thing, but it's of no use."

"Suppose, Bella, you let him come down and see me. Maybe that will get him out of his present unhappy state of mind."

"But, aunt," objected the mother, "don't you see that he would then consider himself as having triumphed?"

"I'm not sure that he would think anything about it. He would come into a better state of mind than the one that is now ruling him; and this, it seems to me, would be something gained. It is in the sunshine that good affections grow, not in storm and darkness."

Bella sat, reflecting for some time. She did not like the thought of yielding to her rebellious child, in the smallest degree. Pride, and love of rule, influenced her as much as a sense of duty, perhaps a little more.

"Forgive him this time, for my sake," urged Aunt Rachel. "I shall not enjoy my visit, if he is under punishment all the afternoon."

After a further debate with herself, the mother left the room and went up to her imprisoned boy. "Edward!" she spoke, sternly.

The little fellow started up, with a look half-fearful, half-defiant.

"How dare you pound on the floor, after I had forbidden it?"

Edward moved back a step or two. There was danger in his mother's eyes.

"Why don't you answer me when I speak?"

"I couldn't help it," stammered the child.

"Couldn't help it! Ain't you afraid to give me such an answer?" and a hand moved half-involuntarily, as if a blow were about to follow.

"Aunt Rachel is down stairs."

"O, is she!" Two little hands came together with a sound like a kiss; and waves of sunshine swept suddenly over a face that was dark and stormy a moment before.

"I've a great mind not to let you see her, after all this naughty behavior."

Instantly the smile went out from Edward's face.

"Come." The mother coldly extended her hand. Edward advanced toward her with slow steps, and followed, half behind her, down into the sitting-room.

"Here's that naughty boy!" This was Edward's introduction to his mother's aunt. "Now, don't pout your lips after that fashion," was added, reprovingly. "Kiss Aunt Rachel."

Edward wanted to throw his arms about Aunt Rachel's neck, and kiss her to his heart's content; but the reproof sent an evil spirit into him, and he merely put up his lips with an air which said, "I don't want to kiss her."

"If you can't behave better than that, you'd better go up stairs again."

"O, he's behaving nicely," said Aunt Rachel, as she drew an arm around the boy. And then she began to talk to him in a way that soon commanded all his attention. But his mother would give him no peace. It was: "Just see there, you rude fellow, your feet are on Aunt Rachel's dress;" or: "You'd better go away from Aunt Rachel; you are annoying her."

"Not in the least," Aunt Rachel replied to this, drawing her loving arm close about the pleased child, in whose bright young face she read a whole volume of golden promise, "if there were only a wise hand to turn the leaves."

But half an hour did not pass, before Edward and his mother came into direct collision, and he was sent in disgrace from the room.

"Now, what am I to do with that boy, Aunt Rachel?" said the mother, in a half-despairing voice.

"Learn the first lesson in governing others, to govern yourself."

"Aunt Rachel!"

"I mean just what I say. And until you learn to do this, you will strive in vain with your child. Anger awakens anger; harshness

naturally produces antagonism; oft-repeated punishments and for trivial offenses, are the parents of rebellion—but love, Bella, quickens love into life. There is more true power for good in the tender, sympathetic tones of a mother, warm with mother-love, than in her most imperative command, or sternest interdiction. Her mission is to lead, not drive her children, in the right way. I have not heard you speak a single kind, approving word to that boy, since I have been here."

"How can I encourage him to disobedience, by smiling when he sets my commands at defiance?"

"I fear, Bella, that you call many things wrong that are done innocently on his part. You follow him up too closely, and scold him too much for things trivial, or of no account. You have not once, that I have seen, this afternoon, tried to divert him from any thing that he was doing not strictly in the line of your approval; it was always a command, and always harshly made. Forgive me, Bella, for this plain speech; but I see your error so plainly, that I must point it out. You have forgotten the pithy adage about honey catching more flies than vinegar. I am sadly afraid you are shutting out the sunshine, by which alone good plants can vegetate in the garden of his soul. I have seen little besides an evil growth to-day; yet, down among the rankly-growing weeds, trying to struggle into the air and light, a few flowers of affection were faintly visible. Oh, Bella, don't think so much about the repression and extermination of evil, as about the growth and developement of good. But, first of all, regulate your own heart—let only affection reign there, and thoughts of your child's good fill your mind."

Bella sat in a kind of bewildering silence, and her aunt kept on:

"Will you not act on my suggestion? Go to Edward, and speak to him as if you loved him. Let him feel the love in your voice, and see it in your eyes; and, as the magnet attracts iron, so will you attract him. Forget that he has offended you, or, if you speak of it, let it be as though you were grieved, not angry. Love for his mother will bind him to the law of obedience, when fear of punishment would only impel him to its violation."

Bella arose quickly. She looked into her aunt's face, but made no response. Tears were in her eyes as she left the apartment. Going up-stairs to the room into which Edward had been banished, she opened the door and went in with a quiet step. The boy started as she entered, and looked around from his work of marking with a pencil on the white window-sash. He was doing wrong, and being caught in the act, expected punishment, or an angry lecture; so he put on a look of defiance. But his mother, instead of blazing out upon him as was her wont, sat down in a strange, quiet

## ANGELINE.

BY F. J. BURGE SMITH.

How wearily she went, with lagging step  
And slow, along the sadly-toilsome route  
That led towards home! there was no quicker throb  
Of the heart's pulse, no hastening of the feet,  
As she drew near the parent-roof, and heard  
The voices of her kindred, pealing loud  
Through thin partitions, on the outer air;  
But slower still and yet more heavily  
Her footsteps dragged, and the life-blood grew chill  
In her young veins, as angry, ribald words,  
And mingled oaths, and horrid blasphemies  
Fell on her wonted ear. With ashen brow  
And lips of deathly pallor, and a face  
All ghastly white, upturned to the heavens,  
She stood within the alley's shade and sighed,  
"Is there on earth, no narrow, grave-like place!  
To creep into, and be alone with God?  
I would be free from ill, a thing beloved  
Of Christ and the good angels! Is there chance  
For purity with devils and in hell?  
Oh Thou Compassionate! let not the dragon's wing  
Upon my soul its baneful shadow cast!  
Let not Thy image, trodden on, debased,  
Marred wholly from its bright original,  
Sink into slimy depths, beyond the reach  
Of Thy redemptive power, but pity Thou  
Thy child, and set her panting spirit free,  
That it may ride up to the starry heavens,  
And find its refuge and its rest with Thee!"  
The girl's petition ended, and she stole  
Softly through the dim yard, and sat her down  
Upon the lone stone-step outside the door,  
Dreading to enter.

At the early dawn

They found her sleeping, and an impious swarm  
Huddled to gaze upon her marble brow;  
But little dreamed they how the angels came  
While they were at their midnight revelings,  
And led the maiden up the holy heights,  
To dwell forever with the blissful throng!

## CAN I BE HOLY?

"Be ye holy; for I am holy."

CAN I be holy? Yes, or the command would not have been given. Not "that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God;" for without Christ you are helpless, but through Christ you can do "all things." Without Christ you could not have surrendered yourself to God in justification, or have obeyed one of his commands, or have made any advance in holiness, or have had one good desire. All salvation is "by faith," and all faith is from God; but all exercise of faith must be by you. We are justified "by faith," and "by faith" our hearts are "purified." It is only by "looking unto Jesus," "by faith," that we are kept from sinning; and as he is able to save "unto the uttermost," he is as willing as he is able. To expect, therefore, to be wholly saved from voluntary transgression, to be made holy, is no more presumptuous than to expect a partial salvation, a half-orbed holiness; seeing that all salvation "is of faith, that it might be by grace; to the end the promise might be sure."

way, and said, "Edward," so softly and gently, that he could only stand and look at her with surprise.

"Edward," she repeated his name, and now with a tenderness that made his heart leap. Her hands were held out toward him. Dropping the pencil, he advanced a step or two, looking wonderingly at his mother. She still held out her hand. "Come, dear." He was at her side in an instant.

"Do you love mother?" An arm was drawn gently around him. He did not answer her in words, but put his arms about her neck and kissed her. What a thrill of pleasure went trembling to her heart.

"I love Eddy," she added. The little arms tightened about her neck, and the little head went down nestling about her bosom.

"Oh! I love you so much!" The half-smothered voice was full of childish earnestness.

"Will you be good, for mother?"

"I won't never be naughty again!" Edward stood up, speaking in a resolute way, and looking full into his mother's face. "If I can help it," he added, a little less confidently.

"Oh, Eddy can help it if he will," said the mother, smiling encouragement into his face.

Something was on the boy's lip, but he kept it back from utterance.

"What is it, dear? What were you going to say?"

Thus encouraged, Edward said, dropping his eyes as he spoke,

"I'll forget sometimes; I'm most sure I will. But——" He paused with the sentence unfinished.

"But what, dear?"

"Don't scold me, then, mamma. Kiss me, and I'll be so sorry!"

When they entered the sitting-room, Aunt Rachel saw that it was all right with them. She held out her hand to Edward, who came to her in a gentle way, and stood, with a happy-looking face, by her side.

Scarcely within her memory had the mother spent so pleasant an afternoon. Edward, of course, soon forgot himself, in a way that tried severely his mother's patience. But she compelled herself, and it required no light effort, to speak in affectionate remonstrance, instead of with angry threats, and instantly, the troubled waters grew still. She could not but notice the singular difference, in effect, between the loud, emphatic, commanding utterances in which she had so long indulged, and the quiet, loving words now spoken in under-tones. Will then opposed itself to will; but now, love to love. The boy, once so indifferent and rebellious, was now anxious to gain his mother's approval. She had governed herself, and the work of governing her child, so impossible before, became a thing of easiest achievement.

"Don't forget it, dear," said Aunt Rachel,

as she held her niece's hand, in parting, at the close of her visit.

"Never!" was the earnest reply. "You have removed the scales from my eyes; and selfishness, self-will and passion, shall never blind me again. I will try to govern myself always—before attempting to govern my child—try to see what is for his good—try to stimulate the growth of loving affections, rather than to give all thought to the weeds, in seeking to tear up which, I have already hurt so many tender plants."

"Ah, my child, that is the true way," replied Aunt Rachel. "If you can get the life-forces of his young spirit to flow vigorously into the good plants, they will soon spring up into the sunny air, spreading out their branches, and striking their roots wide and deep into the earth—leaving the evil plants to droop and wither for lack of nourishment.—*Home Mag.*

For the Advocate and Guardian.

## THE CHARACTER OF JOB AS A CIVIL RULER.

"YE have heard of the patience of Job," but not enough has been said about him as a patriarchal governor. With one eye thus fixed on Job, let us read *Job* xxix. 11—17.

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

"I put on righteousness and it clothed me: my judgment was as a robe and a diadem.

"I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

"I was a father to the poor: and the cause that I knew not I searched out.

"And I brake the jaws of the wicked, and plucked the spoil out of his teeth."

Here is the grand outline of the genuine scope of civil government. Protection of rights is the great idea. Taking that good old patient patriarch, Job, for an example, let our "Abraham" and his associates thus administer government, and rebellion will be crushed, and slavery abolished. This is the true way of "making the contest a short and decisive one."

Thus practically, as in theory, the ancient governor, Job, and our able President of the United States, will concur in illustrating that "nothing should ever be implied as law which leads to unjust and absurd consequences." (See President's Message, July 4th, 1861.)

J. R. JOHNSON.

Oriskany Falls, July 8th, 1861.

A lazy Christian will always want four things—comfort, content, confidence, and assurance. Assurance and joy are choice donatives that Christ gives to laborious Christians only. The lazy Christian has his mouth full of complaints, when the active Christian has his heart full of comforts.

The command is, "Look unto me," (not yourself,) "and be ye saved."

What is the character of the holiness required of me? It is not the holiness that pertains to God, nor to angels, or that possessed by Adam before the fall, in degree. It is not absolute perfection, as that only belongs to God. It is not sinless perfection, nor even every kind of relative perfection; nor, yet again, the perfection we attain to in the resurrection. It is not natural but moral perfection; a perfection of our Christianity, a perfection not incompatible with many human infirmities, such as a dull apprehension, unsound judgment, weak intellect, fertile imagination, treacherous memory, and the like; and, of consequence, mistakes in judgment and practice. It is not a perfection that places us beyond temptation, or the possibility of falling into sin; or that does not allow of progression in holiness.

But it is a perfection, a state of holiness, in which the heart that loves sin is taken away; a state in which we neither voluntarily sin nor have a desire to sin; a condition in which we trust in Jesus, to be kept from sin, and being cleansed "from all filthiness," we are better prepared to obey the command, "Perfecting holiness in the fear of God;" as the more perfect the development of life, the more certain and rapid is its growth. This is being as holy in our sphere as God is in his; and yet to-morrow you will be more holy than you are now, if faithful to the light of to-day; as the simply cleansed heart is the lowest stage of entire sanctification, the sun faintly yet clearly discerned from centre to circumference, while being "filled with all the fulness of God," is the clear unobstructed noon-day sun.

How can I be holy? By faith in Jesus Christ, "who of God is made unto us sanctification." Christ "his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness." We become "dead to sin," by trusting Jesus, to make us dead. "Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." To be holy, we must be "redeemed from all iniquity," must be "dead to sin;" and to be thus "redeemed," and made "dead to sin," we must exercise faith in Christ for these specific objects; and to do this, there must first be a full dedication of our entire being to God. Full, entire and unreserved consecration is the normal condition of Christianity. With it faith is strong; without it faith is weak. All must be laid upon the altar; and until this is done you are not on promised ground, for the Lord will be sought unto with "all the heart." Here you begin to obey and without this beginning there is no real progress in holiness. The command to Christians is, "Come out from among them (all sin,) and be ye separate, saith the Lord; and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the

Lord Almighty. Having, therefore, these promises," (to receive you and to become your father,) "dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

The Lord demands of you an unreserved consecration of soul, body, spirit, and all you have, to be used for his glory and according to his will; and this the Lord declares is your "reasonable service." The consecration having been made, the offering having been placed upon the altar, the Lord promises "to receive you," and to become "your father;" and "having these promises," the command follows, "Cleanse yourself from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit." This ye can do "by faith" in the promises, "I will receive you;" "I will sprinkle clean water, upon you, and ye shall be clean;" "From all filthiness and from all your idols will I cleanse you." God promises to cleanse you and make you holy upon these two conditions: unreserved consecration, and unwavering faith in his promises to "receive" and "cleanse" you. The process is simple, the conditions easy, and the result as certain as is the unchangeableness of God.

Are you willing to "come out and be separate" from all sin. To commit to the Saviour the keeping of your soul, body, spirit, family, friends, reputation, and all you have? And from this moment let "the life which you now live in the flesh" be a life "by the faith of the Son of God!" Then do it now. Fall upon your knees, and in the presence of him who searches your heart, present to him, "through Christ," your entire being, with all its faculties and powers, to be his forever. Place all upon the "altar that sanctifieth the gift;" and then believe the word which says, "I will receive you;" "I will make you clean;" "I will save you from all your uncleannesses." Do not expect to believe these promises because you feel; but look for joy after you have believed. "Faith is the evidence of things not seen," (felt,) and feeling is the fruit, not root, of faith. Saving faith rests alone upon God's word, not feeling. You must believe God receives and cleanses you, because he hath affirmed it. This is faith and it honors God.

Faith is a present act, and brings a present salvation. You cannot believe now, for the future; and till you abandon the idea of being wholly saved in the future, you cannot be saved now; and remember that in resolving to postpone this work, you determine to do evil. The command to Christians is, "Come out," and "believe." "Through Christ," you do now present unto God "your body to be a living sacrifice;" and this "offering," God declares, "I will receive." Do you believe this promise? It is the oath-confirmed promise of Jehovah! You say, "I am so unworthy!" This the Lord knows; and knew it when He died for you, that He might become your "sanctification." It is for "Christ's sake," not your own worthiness, that you are received. It is the altar "that

sanctifieth the gift." Recollect that it is God who says, "I will receive you;" and He requires you to believe His word, as a condition of being received. "Only believe," says the Saviour. Do not look for feeling to help you to believe, for it is "by faith" you are received and cleansed. The child of God receives blessings "by faith," not by feeling. "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," but it is only "by faith." The soul, body, and spirit, when presented "through Christ," to be a "living sacrifice," are received by the Father only "by faith;" and never! O never forget that this faith is simply a belief that the Lord does just what He has promised to do. The only knowledge you have that the Lord pardons and cleanses, is from His word; and to receive these blessings there must be faith in that word; and then, "he that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." After that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise.

Is the offering you have presented, "through Christ," received? This is a momentous question! In it are involved the veracity of God and your freedom from inbred corruption. The Lord says, "I will receive you." Do you believe these words? Would Christ have "sanctified" himself, and died for you, that you "also might be sanctified through the truth," and then refuse to receive the offering He has induced you to make?

Shall I be holy? Will you be holy? Shall God be obeyed? With you, under God, rests the decision of these solemn questions. Before God, and in view of eternal scenes, let me entreat you to answer them now. "To-day!" you may. "Now!" you can decide. To-morrow! to-morrow! is not yours, my friend. To-morrow! may find you where there is no "work" nor "device." "To-day! if you will hear His voice," God says, "I will receive you." "Now!" "The altar sanctifieth the gift;" but the offering *must* be placed upon the altar, and you *must* "HAVE FAITH IN GOD!"

"Can I from all defilement be cleansed in Jesus' blood?"

Can guilt so great, will sin so bold, be pardoned by my God?

Will inbred sin be banished, if I the altar test? Will God the Father cleanse me, when I the promise trust?

Then glory! Lamb of Calv'ry! the promise I'll believe;

I dare, I will, I do believe; God will, he does receive;

He sprinkles, yea, he cleanses from idols, fear, and and sin;

He gives the heart, the spirit new; he dwells Himself within."

A MURMURER is an ungodly man; he is an ungod-like man; no man on earth more unlike to God than the murmurer; and therefore no wonder if, when Christ comes to execute judgment, he deals severely and terribly with him. Let him make what profession he will of godliness, yet if murmuring keeps the throne in his heart, Christ will deal with him at last as with ungodly sinners.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

## TALKS WITH JESUS.

NO. VI.

DISCIPLE. Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?

Christ. Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven. Matt. 5. 16.

D. I have ever believed, O Lord Jesus, that humble piety forbade all display and ostentation of good works.

C. But when a house is illuminated, can you hinder the benighted traveler from seeing the outward shining? Do nothing that you may have glory of men, but rather let the purity and holiness of your character appear to the honor of that God whose you are, and in whose heavenly light you profess to walk. Be *positive* in your Christian life. Make the difference between you and an ungodly world appear in the sweetness of your temper, the purity of your motives, the nobility of your sentiments, the correctness of your principles; the gentleness of your manners, the transparency of your whole life.

D. But while in the world, entangled with its interests, associated in its business, surrounded by its bewitching excitements, how can I live apart and separate?

C. Be not conformed to the world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that you may prove—that is, show or indicate, what is the good and perfect and acceptable will of God. There are pursuits and amusements, which, though in themselves innocent, because they are monopolized, and have been perverted by the gay and careless world, should be left to them. Others there are which you may still enjoy, but with far higher and purer motives and aims than those which actuate the mere pleasure-seeker. But you have access to joys of which the world knows nothing, which it cannot give nor take away. Leave, then, to the worldling the few paltry, frail pleasures of this life. Touch not, taste not, handle not, and let all men see that you need them not, in the surplus of purer and more permanent pleasures reserved for those who love God. Let a light from heaven shine in and through you, and open the windows of your whole being, that the celestial radiance may appear to all men.

D. But, heavenly Instructor, will not the light shine into darkness too dense to comprehend it? Will not my principles and my life be misconceived and misinterpreted?

C. Some will be too blind to perceive the delicate lustre of the holy life, but to many more it shall be a beacon and a guide. The glory of God, which is love, enveloping and illuminating the soul, quickening its activities, refining its sensibilities, softening its asperities, guiding its movements, and sanctifying its faculties; will attract the attention and fix the

admiring gaze of multitudes around you, and lead them to seek the source of that blessed light, and to glorify your Father in heaven.

D. Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon me. Shine upon me from on high. Gird me with an armor of light, that I may thus honor Thee before men, and bear witness of thy grace and matchless beauty wherever I am.

C. I am the light of the world, he that followeth me, shall have the light of life. For ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord; walk as children of light, proving what is acceptable to the Lord.

"So let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess,  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine."

H. E. B.

## Children's Department.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

## AUNT ALICE AND THE POUTY BOY.

IN one of the lengthening evenings of autumn, Aunt Alice sat at the table, with her little group around her; one and another were at their lessons, and she was busy with her needle. At last there was a little gap in the interest of the evening, after the lessons were committed.

Aunt Alice held up her little finger, and said, "I think I have a tiny, wee story that will just hang on this finger."

"Oh, aunty, do tell, please tell it," cried the little voices, all in a breath.

"It is so small, I am afraid you will not feel enough interest in it to keep you awake."

"Yes, indeed, we will," said Jeannie and Ellen.

"Well, it is about a pouty boy."

"Did he stick out his lips, aunty?" asked Jeannie, who knew a little girl who was prone to do that when things did not please her.

"No, his lips did not swell out and look sulky, but his whole countenance was fretful, he looked just like a spoiled child, who always had his own way; for his mother gave it to him. The other day I was a little in a hurry to get down town at a certain time, and when the driver stopped the stage, I saw it was quite full, but a gentleman motioned to a little boy about eight or nine years old, to give me his seat. The little fellow pouted right away, his mother sat opposite and tried to look him into good-humor, but, no, the very same thing he did, which she had seen him do many, many times before; but perhaps there were not so many people looking on, to see how badly she had brought up her child; but now he made her feel ashamed. The gentleman took him upon his knee, and tried to be pleasant with him, but, no, he hung his head like a clown and would not look up; his mother looked troubled at his

naughty behavior, which attracted the attention of all the people in the stage. She tried to catch his eye, and said something pleasant to make him smile, but, no, his pouts were too important to give them up. Poor woman, I felt sorry for her, for she seemed to feel all the eyes looking more at her, than him."

"Did he stay so the whole ride?" asked Jeannie.

"Yes, indeed, and his mother tried hard to get him to look at this and that thing, as we passed along; but he did not mind her any more than if he had been entirely deaf and could not hear."

"Well, aunty," said Eddie, "he ought to have been dumped out into the mud, and made to walk the rest of the way; that would have cured his selfishness."

"I thought so too; if I had been his mother, I would have jumped out with him and made him walk his pouts off. But, poor woman, I am afraid that was not all the shame her child will bring upon her, any one could see that he was accustomed to have his own way; and she could not help herself. Now repeat this text, 'A child left to himself, bringeth his mother to shame.'"

The children learned it, and went to bed, pleased in the government and restraint that surrounded them. Y.

## THE LITTLE GIRL WHO TOOK CARE OF HER MOTHER.

I THINK I hear some youthful voice exclaim, "Why, it is mothers who take care of little girls, and not little girls who take care of mothers." And so it is generally, and very poorly off should most of us have been, if in our early years we had not had the care of a wise and tender mother. I am going, however, to tell of a little German girl, whom I shall call Beldina; for, though I believe the story to be quite true, I do not know what her real name was.

In England, a cottage-girl of eleven years old is thought to be very useful, if, when her mother is out or busy, she sweeps up the kitchen, and makes the beds, and takes care of the baby. And little girls of the same age, who have rich parents, and have nursemaids and governesses to see after them, are not expected, generally, to do any thing but learn their lessons, and behave properly to those about them. If they are taught the duty of being unselfish, they will sometimes play with baby even when he is fretful and hard to please, or they will help to make a frock for some poor child, though they may not like plain sewing so well as crotchet or an amusing book. Still, it is but seldom you find that a child under twelve years of age ever does anything very much out of the way in helping others, and especially the one to whose care and labor she herself looks.

And now I will tell you the "true story."

It was a stormy night at Boulogne, and it was with difficulty that the steam-packet for London could battle her way out of the harbor. The passengers had hurried on board about midnight, and in the darkness and con-

fusion some of them stumbled over a mass of something that seemed to be alive, but hidden from sight by coarse, woollen cloaks. Too tired to stop to examine from what or from how many creatures those low cries of complaint proceeded, they hurried to their cabins, and thought, with pity all too late, of the poor deck-passengers, exposed to that cold night wind and soaking salt spray.

When morning dawned, the cabin-passengers began to walk the deck, and the bundle of life still lay under its coarse and ragged coverings. At last it stirred, and a small and childish, but care-worn face, looked out. It was the face of a young girl, about eleven years old, who, with a gentle hand and soft whispers, roused a pale and thin little boy, who seemed to wake up in a sort of fright. The kind sister smoothed his hair and ragged dress, and, breathing on his hands, rubbed them with her own sleeve. After a while, the larger cloak stirred, and the white-faced mother of these two children arose from her comfortless bed. She seemed to be quite as dependent, as her little boy, on the loving care of her daughter, who, in German fashion, kissed her hand, and arranged her hair and dress as she had done her brother's.

The passengers, one after another, went down to breakfast in the cabin, or, in humbler fashion, partook of it on deck; but the quiet, desolate-looking family seemed to have neither food nor the means of getting any. One kind gentleman offered the little boy a biscuit; but he would not take it from any but his sister's hands. She divided it into three parts, keeping the smallest for herself, and they all began to eat it eagerly. Soon, through the kindness of the passengers, a plentiful breakfast was placed before them; and the girl, with the utmost care, divided and arranged it on their laps, evidently thinking of the others far more than herself.

Their story was asked, but it was impossible to understand any thing, except from the girl, who spoke a little English as well as French. The dialogue was after this fashion:

"Where are you from, my little girl?"

"Is it me, sir? Oh! I am from New York."

"From New York! What were you doing there?"

"Keeping my father's room, sir; he is a journeyman."

"And what brings you to Europe?"

"My father sent me to bring my mother."

"Sent you?"

"Yes, sir; and because my brother could not be left in the room all day, when my father was out at work, I took him with me."

"What! and you two little children crossed the ocean to fetch your mother?"

"Oh! that is nothing; the ship brought us; we did not come. It was worse when we landed in London; for there were so many people there, and so many houses, it was just as if we had to find our way without a ship through the waves of the sea."

"And what were you to do in London?"

"I was to find a countryman of ours, who was to get me a passage to France. But nobody we met in the street knew him, and no one could understand what place it was I asked for; and if we had not met a little German boy with an organ, I do not know what we should have done. But some body always comes in time. God sends him. Father told us that."

"And the little German boy took you to your countryman?"

"Yes; and more than that. He bought some bread with a penny as we went along, and we all sat down on a step and ate it. Then, when we met our countryman, he gave us a whole handful of copper money, and a paper to the captain of a ship. It was late before we got there, and we were so tired, that I could hardly get my brother along. But the captain was so good as to let us sleep on the deck."

"Your mother was in Germany; how did you get to her?"

"Oh! we walked; but not always. Sometimes we got a cast in a wagon; and when we were very hungry, and would not lay out our money, we were always sure to get something given us to eat."

Such was the tale of the little girl-protector of the feeble mother and the seven-year-old brother. They had spent the last of their money at Boulogne, so a small sum was collected for them. They were landed once more in London, and then, like the shadowy figures in the "Pilgrim's Progress," they passed on their way, and were seen no more by those who had been so kind to them on board the steamer.

When I read this simple story, I could not help feeling very sorry that some one of the persons who had given this poor mother and her children food and money, did not also help them to find an American vessel, and ask the captain to comfort them in their long and cheerless voyage to that land where the toiling husband and father was waiting for them.

We may hope, however, that the God who had protected them so far, still watched over them. You see that Beldina trusted in Him, and had been taught so to do by her father, and God has promised never to forsake those who put their trust in Him. She said, when in her sorest need: "But somebody always comes in time. God sends him. Father told me that." She was helped sometimes by those almost as poor as herself. Even the little German boy bought some bread with a penny, and, small as was the quantity, it was divided among the three hungry travelers.

In many and many an instance besides that of the poor widow who cast into the treasury of the temple the two mites which were all her living, has that Saviour, who approved her act, seen and blessed the deeds of mercy and self-denial wrought in the humble homes of this nineteenth century.

"He that hath pity on the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

OUR COUNTRY'S FLAG.

BY REV. E. TURNEY.

God save our country's flag!  
Long may it wave  
In triumph o'er the free,  
The noble, brave—  
The sign of liberty  
Our fathers gave!

God save our country's flag!  
No traitor hand  
Shall hurl it from its place;  
No rebel band  
Shall trail it in disgrace  
O'er this fair land.

God save our country's flag!  
With colors bright  
Still may it float afar  
In heaven's pure light;  
By every stripe and star,  
God speed the right!

For the Advocate and Guardian.

SISTER ELLIE, FROM MY CITY HOME.

ELLIE dear, I have been suffering for several weeks, which will account for the failure of your letters for some time past. It is worth a good deal of physical pain to learn how much of God's image is yet left in humanity. Prof. Hitchcock says, "The fall of man brought not extinction, but overthrow, and in the ruins may still be seen something of the sublime original; the foundation stands, the structure may yet be replaced." And Rev. Dr. Cook speaks of "the Spirit of God whispering amid these soul-ruins, as the wind breathes through the broken arches of a dilapidated edifice."

To follow the simile, dear sister, here and there, amid the crumbling rubbish, shoots up some graceful plant, to cheer the home-sick wanderer in his solitary research; some beauteous creeping vine, that twines itself about the roughness, and spreading its verdant leaves over the unsightly mass, presents to us instead, the creation of the Master-hand. So in the human soul that is marred and fallen from its pristine integrity, the occasional plant that bears God's finger-print, springs up, and with its heavenly foliage and blossoms, hides from our eyes the *Adamic* taint.

I have sometimes felt that the city was the stage, only, for pomp and fashion and display, and that all the finer virtues and graces, all the heaven-born impulses and dispositions had their play in a different sphere; but my enlarged experience within the last few months, and my recent illness have taught me what great warm loving hearts are beating upward amid the whirl and turmoil of this gay arena.

I must tell you something of the comfort that has come to me in my sick-room, making what would otherwise have been a grievous chastisement, a welcome and agreeable visitation. Oh, Ellie! God is very near to us in the time of our wasting and sickness. The shadow of His wing overspreads our bed, and the volun-

tary and mysterious suffering of His dear Son, is a sweet mitigation to our misery, and allies us very closely to our divine Redeemer. I am not sure that I would be exempt from these temporary ailments if it were possible, at least I do not regret the late trial which has been more than balanced by consequent mercies. First came Doctor, God bless him! not alone to diagnosticate my case and give me a prescription in a dead language, for the apothecary, but to exhibit to me a measure of the Great Physician's benevolence and tenderness, and to comfort and benefit my soul, even while ministering to the stricken body. I am confirmed in the opinion that the medical and clerical professions ought never to be sundered. No one can have such a strong hold upon the heart and affections of a man, as an earnest, whole-souled, godly physician. No one is so eminently fitted to probe the conscience, and to pour in the balsam of a divine healing, as he who is with us in the extremity of our feebleness, and knows what sensitiveness of spirit accompanies these bodily infirmities.

My minister visited me the other day; we had a delightful conversation, after which he read to me and prayed with me. He selected that beautiful psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," which has solaced many a weary pilgrim since the time of Israel's sweet singer. What between my good doctor and Rev. Mr. Platt, I have an abundant supply of spiritual aliment, and shall be very guilty if I make no advance in the divine life; and as for temporalities, Mrs. F. has fed me with the finest of fruits, and my table has been supplied with choice flowers, the gift of numerous friends. Even poor B., whom I once befriended, when her baby lay dead in her barren room, brought her grateful offering of fresh-laid eggs, which she took pains to procure from a reliable source. Do you wonder, Ellie dear, that the doctrine of "total depravity" seems harsh to me in the face of these demonstrations, and that I am content to say, "Man is very far gone from original righteousness."

Bertha has been sitting with me for an hour, and amusing me with accounts from her women. She has managed to enshrine herself in all their hearts, and has won them to a constant attendance at the meetings: see what perseverance will do, aided by God's grace. They call Bertha "the light of their eyes," and one of them says she "sets as much store by her as if she had saved her."

Already the benefits of this enterprise begin to be seen in the renovated homes of these poor women, who really strive to reduce to practice the lessons learned in these weekly gatherings.

We have so far wrought with our Christian brethren as to obtain the means for a new mission room, which was dedicated last Sunday.

You would be astonished to see with what interest our poor regard it! It is *par excellence* their church—their own special property, and has its peculiar consecration, which touches me more than any other place of worship. I love to go to that lowly sanctuary on God's holy day, and forgetting all earthly distinctions, put myself upon a level with the humblest of God's creatures. There is no pomp and vanity to distract the mind, but whoever enters is brought thither by the simple desire to hear of heaven and learn the way.

The children have their season on Sunday afternoons, and although we are frequently annoyed by thoughtless boys who hang about the doors and make sport of things sacred, we are more orderly than many of the mission schools long established. Gradually we hope to lure these outsiders into our Christian embrace, and convince them there are better pleasures than their careless or malicious fun. We have the fullest, most patient charity for their present delinquencies when we consider their miserable lack of culture, and if out of the mass we can bring one soul to the Fountain of all-cleansing, we shall feel our efforts are not in vain.

Doctor has given me the pleasant and easy prescription, "Change, variety, recreation," and for the last few days I have fully obeyed my Esculapius. With my S. S. class, and a few of the mothers and friends of the scholars, I made a delightful excursion to Clifton, Staten Island. We were scarcely on the boat when a cloud gathered in the blue heavens, and dropped gently down upon us; however, we pursued our way, and made ourselves merry through the day at the sheltered pier, the treacherous skies forbidding us our anticipated trip to the woods. We spread our lunch upon a long bench, on the upper floor of the saloon, and shared it with a sergeant from Camp Washington, who was stationed at the pier to arrest deserters, twenty-seven of whom, he informed us, were paraded to the guard-house by him the day before, the monotony of camp-life proving too great for their patience. "Our soldier" appeared a respectable worthy young man, and inspired us with much interest in his regiment, which was hourly expecting orders to sail to some unknown destination. He seemed impressed with the uncertainty of his life, which he had sworn to devote to his country's cause, and there was a tremor in his voice as he said to us, "I never expect to come home again." What visions loved and hallowed, were present to his memory we could not tell, but we knew that every heart has its particular shrine, where the verdure and beauty of its being cluster, and to turn from this into the outer darkness and cold is death unto it. We saw many idle, drunken soldiers, loitering away the precious hours, and were led to serious reflections concerning the demoralization that must attend

this dreadful war. Is it not possible to introduce into camp-life, some of the attractions of home? books, amusements, religious instruction, mental improvement?

L. was afraid of the lightning which played vividly about us in the afternoon, while the rain poured a deluge, and the thunder muttered its accompaniment. This recalls to me little Willie Platt's rebuke to his younger brother, who was frightened during the same storm, "Why, what's to be afraid of, Jamie? it's only God scolding at the wicked people."

You remember, Ellie, the Egyptian darkness that settled, one summer day upon the village, and the severe tempest that followed, how I trembled with terror until I heard the voice of our devout old father? "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." Such serenity came to my soul as I had never before experienced, and I have not since been afraid in a thunder-storm. A certain awe is natural and becoming, but if one feels that he is in the hollow of an Almighty hand, there must be confidence and peace.

We watched the "Cumberland" cruising about for government purposes, and the monstrous craft going back and forth, freighted with wealth and life, and the busy shifting scene brought to us its lesson of the agitation and unrest of this earthly pilgrimage, and the cheering contrast of that quiet "haven where we would all eventually be."

At three o'clock, some guardian gentlemen met us, and packing us in carriages at the New York pier, soon had each one of the party safely housed. Such out-pourings of rain, and yet such a happy day!

On Sunday, despite the long distance from our lodgings, and my physical inertia, I was drawn to Fifth Avenue, to listen to Rev. Dr. H., whose earnest sermons, always supply my inner need. His text was, "For the things that are seen are temporal; but the things that are not seen are eternal." He dwelt especially upon the singular mystery that the things so tangible and apparently real to our senses are perishable and evanescent, and those which seem to us shadowy and ethereal, are substantial and enduring, and he exhorted us to eschew the fleeting semblance of good, and to pursue with our might what the unregenerate would regard as phantoms, but what the great day will reveal to us as eternal substance. "To lose a dollar," said he, "is a small thing, an object of comparative trifling regret; but to lose a prayer or a word of religious instruction, this is a forfeiture that can never be regained, a deprivation that is eternal." I have not put the thought in his own words, dear Ellie, those I could not remember, but the sentiment I have closely hid in my heart.

A letter from Mrs. B. to-day, wherein she speaks of Laura Hill's recent affliction and terrible depression. She does not dwell upon

her own greater bereavement, but commiserates poor Laura, and evinces her heavenly resignation thus: "I speak that I do know, when I say it is possible to accept with glad submission, very severe discipline."

Yesterday, on passing Franklin street, I saw the prettiest sight! a poor apple-woman sat beside her stand with the dearest mite of a baby lying on her lap, its little naked feet kicking in the air, and its face dimpled with smiles, while its twin sister clambered up to the mother's breast, and played bo-peep on her shoulder. If only the Home for the Friendless had them! thought I.

Tell mother and father not to be troubled about me, as I am really quite recovered now, and Adolphus and dear Mrs. Meredith, and Bertha, and doctor, and all emulate each other in their care of

Your affectionate

WINNIE.

## Advocate and Guardian.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 1, 1861.

### A ROUSED NATION.

PROOFS are abundant that our nation is thoroughly aroused. So we infer from the many utterances of the pulpit and the daily press; and the tone of our well-filled exchanges from every section, north, east and west, bears the same expression. With but few exceptions, slavery is recognized as the prominent cause of the present fearful conflict, as a sin to be repented of and put away ere we may expect a peace approved of Heaven.

Many express the earnest desire and hope that our Government may now make available the power with which it is vested in time of war, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and thus, as far as may be, undo the wrong that has brought divine judgments, mourning and woe upon our long-favored, but guilty land.

Many suppose this course just, practical, safe, merciful. The only course tending to secure the greatest good to the greatest number. How much less of blood and treasure would it have cost the nation, had they, long since, devised a way to do to Africa and her wronged people, as we would have them do to us in like circumstances. May united prayer continue to ascend that the Spirit of our divine Master may come to rule supreme in the hearts of our rulers, and the chief concern of all be to *know* and *do* His will, and that the baptism of suffering so widely and so keenly felt, may soon work for us as a people, the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Our sympathies are with thousands of our readers, and we would fain speak to them words of comfort. They have long cared for us in our common work of raising and sustaining an institution for the homeless and friendless. They have given to it freely of their substance, remembered it at the Mercy-Seat, helped to roll off the burden of its debt, taken its motherless ones to their bosoms, in place of the departed; cherished them as lambs of their own fold, the lambs of Jesus. And now, we can but think of very many of these when we read the command, "Remember those that suffer affliction, as being yourselves also in the body." Our hearts are drawn to them, we know full well a mother's and a sister's hopes and fears, the dread uncertainty, the long suspense; but we can only go with them to the great Comforter.

"Up steep Moriah's side  
Thy servant led of old,  
At Thy behest, his pride,  
The one lamb of his fold;  
O many a mother mourns  
Like him her Isaac given,  
Bound to the altar-horns,  
Called by the voice from Heaven."

May all who know the present companionship of sorrow be enabled to say respecting their loved and absent,

"Safe in Thy hands, O God!  
Wherever he may be,  
Upon the battle-sod,  
Or on the angry sea:  
I will not moan nor cry,  
But smile beneath Thy rod,  
Whether he live or die,  
For his country and his God!"

The following, from the *Congregationalist* may be timely counsel to the desponding.

"TAKE A CHEERFUL VIEW.—Don't be alarmed at the war. God is in it. Progress is in it. Freedom is in it. A degree of permanent prosperity, unknown and impossible before, is in it. The clouds are thick and dark, but rain is in them, and sunshine is behind them; and when the tempest is overblown, all things will look fresher and sweeter, and will grow stronger and more fruitful than before.

Don't be troubled with fear, lest all prosperity in business shall be wrecked. There is no real danger in any business that has its roots in the realities of life, and that ought to live. The back of all shams will be broken—and it ought to be. The wind will be let out of all swollen and gassy humbugs—and the sooner the better. But mouths will need feeding still, feet will need shoeing, backs will need covering; all the substantial facts of life will remain as before, calling for the same industrial labor as before, to supply them, and there need be

no fear that patient and honest industry will lose its reward.

Don't be afraid of England. England, notwithstanding all the mutterings of her ministry, and the scowls of her conservative nobility, is one of our best friends. She sees through this snarl in our affairs better than we have given her credit for doing, and her great Anglo-Saxon heart beats in unison with ours.

Don't distrust Providence. Lives may be lost. Ships may be lost. Worse than that, battles may be lost. But this is incidental, and by the way—the end is not yet. Columbia is getting ready for the conflict, and when she is thoroughly awake, and her armor is on, the victory will not be over *her*. For with all her faults, God loves her still!

### A TEMPORARY CHANGE.

Our friends who call at the Home, 32 E. 30th St. will find the family absent, for a short period, and instead of the usual routine, the process of painting and repairing internally in progress. This work had become quite necessary for the preservation and renovation of the building, it having been entirely and constantly occupied for more than twelve years. The needed coat of paint, the first since its dedication, could not be given with safety, while occupied by more than a hundred children beside half as many adults, and unnumbered visitors. Then, too, our Home family had been afflicted with sundry epidemics, prevalent in the city during the past winter and spring, and the managers were advised that a short sojourn in the invigorating atmosphere of the country would be highly beneficial, especially to the little ones, not yet fully recovered from the effects of measles, whooping-cough, etc., and also to the more robust, and their care-takers.

An unoccupied seminary at West Morristown, some ten miles from the city, and easy of access, was offered on eligible terms. After carefully and prayerfully weighing every existing consideration, it was decided to take it for a brief period, and there, enjoying the cool shade and salubrious sea-breeze, our Home group may now be found, full of life and cheerfulness. As we looked upon them a day or two since, drinking in the fresh air, and roaming upon the lawn, we could but wish that "life in the country" might ever be their heritage—permanent homes be offered soon where the streams run free, birds sing, flowers bloom, and rural scenes help to educate the heart. We are happy to state that we have now no prevailing

sickness among our beneficiaries, and when the house is again ready for their reception we shall hope to find the double improvement accomplished, an adequate return for the outlay indispensable to its achievement.

The business of the publishing department, also that of the children's secretary, and Ex. Committee, will be transacted as usual, at the rooms in the "Home Chapel," 29 E. 29th St. The Committee will receive applications on Wednesdays, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. and the children's secretary can be seen daily at the school-rooms of the Chapel, opposite the publishing office.

#### "COME OVER AND HELP US."

"If we work on marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work on mortal minds—if we imbue them with right principles, with the just fear of God and our fellow-men, we engrave on those tablets something that will brighten through all eternity."

To "work upon mortal minds" has ever been the special mission of the A. F. G. Society. In this all-important work the providence of God has assigned it a wide scope, and given it years of experience. He has permitted it, through His special blessing, and in answer to prayer, to leave an impress for good on very many youthful minds, and opened before it a field in which every Christian mother and daughter may find a place of usefulness. Mind, in its forming stage, the pliant mind of untaught childhood and youth, where is it not? and what masses still neglected, are found in all our large cities; who that would work with tact and skill, need fail of opportunity. If shrinking from individual effort, how easy to unite with others, and thus secure good results. The simple facts in the history of this Society illustrate very clearly the encouragement that may follow small beginnings. A little company first met and prayed together for heavenly guidance, and agreed to commence an association, and follow on, wherever duty seemed to lead. Many have since become efficient auxiliaries in the work, and, "through grace received, continue to this present."

And now, as we look back from the standpoint of 1861 to that of 1835, we see how much may be done simply by "doing the littles," being ready to take up small crosses, and act in concert with others for human weal. We reason thus: if our association has been enabled to effect the good too manifest to admit a doubt, then, while so much remains to be done, life is so uncertain, and the soul so precious, is it not also the duty of

others to join in the work, come to the rescue of the perishing, by doing the little they can do, by individual and associated effort. At the present crisis new Auxiliaries are imperatively needed. Might they not in many sections be enlisted and do much to give aid and encouragement.

An earnest Christian laborer from the country has just left us, who says she resides where the mothers and daughters of the village are doing nothing for the soldiers or any other charity, and that by a little persuasion they have been induced to meet stately and work for the Home, that they do not expect to do any large thing, but to contribute their mite. Now this is just what we desire our friends to do elsewhere. All can do a little, and out of that little "God can make a great deal."

We have been requested to furnish our friends in the rural districts a form of Constitution that they may adopt or modify at their discretion. We are glad to comply with this request.

The following may be enlarged or abbreviated, and we trust will be used wherever a dozen mothers or daughters and sisters may be found unoccupied, or who can consistently devote three or four hours per week, or once in two weeks, to benefit the needy.

We are in the midst of dark days and diminished means, but the heathen are still at our doors, and till we have done what we can, surely we are not ready to give an account of our stewardship.

#### FORM OF A CONSTITUTION FOR AN AUXILIARY.

Impressed with a sense of the imperative obligations resting upon us "to do good as we have opportunity," especially to the children and youth in our land, whom want and homelessness have exposed to become the prey to vice and early ruin—many of whom may be saved by our faithful discharge of Christian duty, We, the subscribers, do pledge ourselves to unite in a society to be governed by the following

#### CONSTITUTION.

ART. 1. This Society shall be called the UNION FEMALE GUARDIAN SOCIETY of \_\_\_\_\_, auxiliary to the American Female Guardian Society.

ART. 2. The object of this Society shall be to promote the cause of virtue and humanity, by disseminating correct principles, and by protecting the young, destitute and friendless, from the wrong, suffering and moral ruin incident to their condition—also, to secure for homeless or neglected children, needful mental, moral and religious instruction, and as far as practicable, the training of the Christian family.

ART. 3. It shall be the duty of each member of the Board to endeavor to advance the objects of the Society by obtaining subscribers to the Constitution, promoting the circulation of the publications of the Parent Society, and making known its "aims," seeking out such bereaved or destitute children as may require the provisions of the Home for the Friendless, and to assist in procuring and preparing clothing for such children; and it shall be her duty to present to the Secretary, a statement of any items of interest, relative to the work, coming within her knowledge.

ART. 4. This Society shall consist of those ladies who cordially approve of its objects, sign its Constitution, and contribute stately to its funds.

ART. 5. The officers of the Society shall be a First and Second Directress, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Board of Managers, and five shall constitute a quorum.

ART. 6. The Board of Managers shall have power to enact their own By-laws, fill any vacancy in their body, direct the Treasurer in the application of the funds, and call special meetings of the Society. They shall also make an Annual written Report of their proceedings, and of the income and expenditures of the Society, hold stated meetings, and adopt the most energetic measures to advance the general interests of the cause.

ART. 7. The First Directress shall preside at all meetings of the Society—in her absence the Second Directress—or, in their absence, a Directress, *pro tem*. The Secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the Society, notify all its meetings and keep records of the same. The Treasurer shall receive subscriptions, make payments at the direction of the Board, and present written and audited accounts to accompany the Annual Report.

ART. 8. The Annual Meeting shall be held at such time and place as the Board may direct, when the accounts of the Treasurer shall be presented, the Annual Report read, appropriate addresses delivered, the officers chosen, and such other business transacted as shall be deemed expedient.

ART. 9. This Constitution may be amended at any annual meeting of the Society, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present.

#### A WORD TO THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

SEVERAL years since we received a printed sheet containing an appeal from the "Christian women of England to the Christian women of the United States," earnestly entreating that their influence and prayers might be more fully enlisted for the removal of the great evil and the great sin of American slavery. This appeal was kindly re-

ceived, extensively circulated, and we trust did good. The righteous decree had then been executed that throughout the British Dominions slavery should be abolished. Emancipated thousands were rejoicing in the conscious possession of their God-given freedom, by man so long withheld, but now restored. Your favored nation had repented of a great moral wrong, and performed works meet for repentance. But as your thoughts were turned to the millions still held in bondage in these United States, a sense of Christian duty prompted the earnest appeal above named. You were promptly informed that it met a cordial response in many hearts and secured their earnest thanks for your Christian faithfulness.

The sore evil in question has long been felt and deplored by thousands in the free North, and they have longed and prayed for the day when the sentiment of the immortal Cowper might be as applicable to our own land as to yours.

"Slaves cannot breathe in England;  
They touch our country and their shackles fall!"

While an inexcusable indifference has prevailed to a wide extent, even in many of the churches, yet the sentiment so beautifully expressed in the following well-known lines, has long since become the motto of the large majority of the wives, mothers and sisters of the North.

"I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
To fan me when I sleep, and tremble when I wake,  
For all the wealth that sinews bought and sold  
Have ever earned. No! dear as freedom is,  
And in my heart's just estimation prized above all  
price,  
I would much rather be myself the slave,  
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him."

You will not deem it untimely, if, at a crisis like the present in our beloved country, we utter yet another voice in response to your appeal of other years. We need not tell you that our hearts are sad, and that because of *slavery* the land mourneth.

The legitimate outgrowth of the system of slavery in our Southern states has been the spirit of tyranny, greed of power and disregard of human rights, culminating in the present base conspiracy to overthrow a most beneficent government, against which no wrong-doing or oppression can be alleged, and to establish another favoring and perpetuating human bondage. To accomplish this guilty purpose, these states have declared war against the free states, raised an immense army, commenced hostilities, inaugurated a reign of terror in their own borders, disre-

garding person, property and life, where individuals are suspected of favoring the freedom of the slave.

This state of things has compelled our government, after much long-suffering and forbearance, to undertake the painful duty of suppressing the rebellion, ere it shall become still more formidable. The people of England would doubtless extend to us their earnest sympathies, could they see the right as it was seen and felt by them in the times of Howard and Wilberforce, and when the women of England collected that immense petition that "helped to move Parliament," and secure the blessed result so happily described in your appeal to the women of our country.

We now turn to you as Christian sisters, looking away for a moment from the peaceful but at present embarrassed work of giving shelter and care to the homeless children of sorrow, many of whom, during the last quarter of a century, have hailed from Britain's shores, and sought and found a refuge in our Home for the Friendless—feeling that *our dear country* has a rightful claim upon your sympathies and your prayers.

Is it not apparent that immense moral interests are imperilled? Will you not look at these interests in the light of our common Christianity, and as wives, mothers and sisters, bear them on your hearts to the Mercy-seat? Will you not pray that the evil that has spread the scourge of war over this fair land, may now be abolished, utterly and forever?

For the sake of the four millions in bonds, a bondage that *allows to woman no protection for her virtue*—for the sake of those against whom their blood has so long cried from the ground, for the sake of our common Christianity, which can have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, we appeal to you as fellow-heirs of the hopes of the gospel, not only to help us by your prayers but to exert an influence, if practicable, with your Christian brethren that may lead them to sustain the right, making pecuniary interests secondary to principle in their treatment of the momentous questions here at issue.

#### THE WAR COMET.

"GOD'S ROCKET."

"Is that God's rocket?" said a child, who had gazed till her eyes were weary upon the rockets that filled the air on the evening of the 4th ult. Fire on the wing, glowing with varied hues, and disappearing in a moment,

had seemed very beautiful, but, there, far among the stars, high in mid heaven, was a rocket that did not burn out; having in its train a pathway of fire, brilliant and grand. Truly it is an object to fill the mind of infancy or age with awe and wonder. All unlooked for, it has come careering through space with inconceivable velocity, fixing the gaze of the world upon it, and directing human thought and inquiry to its Author and Disposer.

It has been named the war-comet because of its unheralded appearance at the present eventful crisis. What may be its mission is all unknown. To suppose that it should glow and burn there unspent, and with no special significance, would be as unreasonable as to discredit the record, "He hath set His bow in the clouds." "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Father."

The fixed laws that govern the animate and inanimate creation are ever in harmony with the written Word, and when we read, "There shall be wars and rumors of wars, famines and earthquakes in divers places; many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," "There shall be signs in heaven," etc., and other passages of similar import; and know that the great book of divine prophecy is certainly fulfilling day by day, we can but view the appearance of yon celestial visitant as a striking symbol of that power pledged to fulfil all His word, suffering "not one jot or tittle to fail."

#### THE WORLD HARVEST.

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

THEY are sowing their seed in the daylight fair,  
They are sowing their seed in the noonday's glare,  
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,  
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night;  
What shall their harvest be!

They are sowing their seed of pleasant thought,  
In the Spring's green light they have blithely wrought;

They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,  
Where the mosses creep and the flower-buds swell;  
Rare shall the harvest be!

They are sowing the seed of word and deed,  
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed;  
Of the gentle word and the kindest deed,  
That have blest the heart in its sorest need;  
Sweet shall the harvest be!

And some are sowing the seeds of pain,  
Of late remorse and in maddened brain,  
And the stars shall fall and the sun shall wane,  
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again;  
Dark will the harvest be!

And some are standing with idle hand,  
Yet they scatter the seed on their native land;  
And some are sowing the seeds of care,  
Which their soil has borne and still must bear;  
Sad will the harvest be!

They are sowing the seed of noble deed,  
With a sleeping watch and an earnest heed;  
With a ceaseless hand o'er the earth they sow,  
And the fields are whitening where'er they go;  
Rich will the harvest be!

Sown in darkness or sown in light,  
Sown in weakness or sown in might,  
Sown in meekness or sown in wrath,  
In the broad work-field or the shadowy path,  
Sure will the harvest be!

*Selected.*

#### NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VISITOR.

*May 28th.*—Called on Mrs. O., (the mother of two children belonging to the Industrial School,) whom I found in the deepest sorrow. Her husband, who had been without the means to support his family, had joined the army, and her infant child, of six months, is very sick, probably will not recover. I endeavored, as best I could, to speak cheering words, but permanent relief is what is most needed. After bestowing our "widow's mite," we could only recommend them to Him, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift."

While making a number of calls upon absentees from school No. 3, I visited John C., who has no mother to watch over and care for him—no one to influence him for good, or stimulate him to do what is right.

Called on Mrs. M., in R. street. A young widow who has been called to mourn the loss of a kind, Christian husband, beloved and respected in the circle of friends in which they formerly moved. She is now left with two young children, and through utter dependence is obliged to live under severe persecution because of her religious principles; and the thought of being obliged to bring up these little ones under such influences, and in the midst of so much that is contrary to her ideas of right, is most revolting and painful. Through yielding to the temptation presented by lotteries, her father has been robbed of his fortune, and the loss of money, together with other trials, has made him both poor and exceedingly unhappy. His daughter, heart-broken and crushed in spirit, instead of leaning on him who should now be her support and comfort, is obliged to appeal to strangers in a strange land. May the widow's God direct her, and may her fatherless children be protected.

*June 1st.*—After groping my way through perfect darkness, to the fourth story of a building in First avenue, I found Mrs. R., a lady some 70 years of age, who has had the misfortune to break her arm and dislocate her shoulder. Poor and homeless, and now entirely dependent upon the kindness of those who may become interested in her. She seems to fear very much that she must yet find an asylum in the Alms House. Although so poor, the idea seems to haunt her like a spectre. "Oh," said she, "I cannot live with so many filthy and degraded people; for I do not think I am like them."

Neat, and of a very cheerful disposition, even through this trial, with a mind unimpaired notwithstanding her weight of years, who can wonder that a home in the Poor House seems so uncongenial and repulsive. She is at present with a poor widow, who is obliged to labor hard day by day to support herself and children, and although very kindly treated, she has a constant sense of dependence, and says that she cannot feel comfortable when so well aware that she is eating the little children's bread. May Providence smile upon her, and open the way for her comfort and support. Oh! that it were in our power to relieve every worthy applicant.

Next visited Mr. C., an aged man deprived of sight, suffering with a complication of diseases, and deprived of the necessities of life. As I looked at this sufferer, and listened to his expressions of gratitude and thankfulness to God, for his sustaining grace, and the consolations of His Holy Spirit, I thought, "Is this man *poor*? Yes, as far as this world's goods are concerned, but is he not rich in Faith, 'an heir of God and joint-heir with Jesus Christ.' " I asked if he would willingly exchange his spiritual enjoyment and peace of mind for the comforts and riches of this life; he answered, "No—not for worlds."

"Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!

It lifts the fainting spirit up;

It brings to life the dead:

Our conflicts here shall soon be passed,

And you and I ascend at last,

Triumphant with our Head."

*5th.*—Called on Mrs. R. V., in T. street, whom I found with her four helpless children, in a most miserable alley, and perfectly stupefied from the effects of liquor. Her eldest boy is about six years old, and the youngest only a few months. For her we can do but little, but for her suffering, uncared-for children, we may do much. The effort to save them shall not be wanting.

Visited S. W., in T. street, a colored woman who is evidently fast failing with consumption. She has one little girl, eight years of age, who, (in case of death, when the little one will be uncared for) she would like to entrust to the kind care of the ladies of the "Home for the Friendless."

*10th.*—Spent part of the day in making arrangements for Mrs. P. and son's passage to California. And we are happy to acknowledge the kind interest of Mrs. R., and to express our gratitude to those gentlemen who have been so generous, in procuring a free passage for this worthy widow and son.

Called to look after one of the boys of the Industrial School, whom I found had been kept in durance for a time, for the crime of theft. This poor little fellow seemed very unhappy, more on account, I fear, of being thus detained, than regret for the crime committed.

*11th.*—Called on Mrs. H., the mother of five

boys, found in a miserable basement. The unhappiness and poverty of this family may all be attributed to the intoxicating cup. For thirteen long years has the husband and father yielded to its influence. The mother seems intelligent and lady-like, but depressed and heart-broken. How lamentable, and yet how true, that the innocent often suffer for the guilty.

*12th.*—Having received application from a father of four children in M. street, for their protection at the Home, I hastened to investigate their case. When I reached their house, I learned the cause of this application. The mother of the children has become dissipated, consequently is wholly unfitted to care for them. However, she refused to part with them, and made fair promises of reformation. The husband seemed to have no confidence in her professions, as he had heard them so often. We interceded in the mother's behalf, hoping that she might repent, even at the eleventh hour, and begged the father to defer the separation for the present, to which he assented.

Visited several families to-day, and, notwithstanding summer is here, there seems to be as much suffering and destitution as in the winter.

*14th.*—We have the satisfaction of hearing to-day, by letter, of the safe arrival of our London friends, Mrs. P. and S., in whom we all took so much interest. They have not failed to acknowledge the kindness of the ladies of the Home for the Friendless, received by them, all of which we are confident, is indelibly written upon their hearts. May God prosper them in their native land. How applicable in this case is the following passage of Scripture, "When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in? or naked and clothed thee? Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv. 38—40.

*17th.*—Called on Mr. C., found him somewhat more comfortable. As he was sitting up a little while to rest, I asked him (as he was deprived of sight) if he would like to have me read a chapter from the Bible for him, "O, yes," said he, "you could not confer a greater favor." Taking the Testament from my pocket, I turned to the 14th chapter of John, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." "Yes, I do believe, with all my heart! Praise the Lord!" and thus he went on with me throughout the whole chapter, and at the conclusion, thought it was the most impressive chapter in the whole Bible.

Called to see the mother of two children, one seven and the other three years of age. This fallen, wretched mother, once the idol of her family, and a large circle of respectable friends, with ample opportunity of being honorably married, chose rather a life of guilt and shame, and thus has destruction come upon two families. The injured wife of her para-

mour, a Christian lady, who has borne up under this trial with Christian fortitude, has at last succeeded in winning back her unfaithful husband, and her sister is brought low in the dust—neglected, forsaken, without food or shelter. Surely, Satan is a very hard master. As I took her wasted hand, I inquired, "Can you repent of your great sin?" in answer, she replied, with streaming eyes, "Yes, I do—I have repented in dust and ashes!" That this fallen one may be reclaimed and saved, is my earnest prayer.

For the Advocate and Guardian.

BY THE SEA.

Yes, by the sea-side; as we come by the side of a friend, so we come to the sea, at Longbranch, in these days when Sirius unites his fires with the fierceness of the sun.

Now the sea has its festivals. At many a well-chosen point, come the excursionists. How the great waves come grandly yet gently, to meet every one who comes to its side. Each crested billow, too, has a voice of greeting, soft or loud, but always, always deep and thrilling, and full of meaning, as if a heart communed with your heart. And yet how little is it really affected, by all these hundreds of living beings, who rush down to its very embrace, and clad so grotesquely and gaily! Its waves and its voice, came with the same majesty and mystery, while only the long line of silent beach, seemed waiting in "mute terror" for what might be threatened from the upheavings and incomings, of this wonderful, unchanging ocean.

On our planet, the hand of man has wrought all kinds of wonders upon the land, changing the whole face of things, placing the city where was the wilderness. But the sea, the sea is unchanging, there the hand of man has wrought nothing. Every surge as it breaks upon the rocks in thunder, or in soft melody says, "I am as from the hand of the Creator, unchanged, the emblem of Eternity, of Immortality. Man knows me not, he can glide over my surface, when God commands me, Peace, be still! but my depths, my world of wonders, of life and death, of my law-governed realms, what knows he? But my anthem is ever the same, which he may hear in tempest or in calm, Glory to God in the highest—amen and amen!"

But we come now to the sea as to a friend, what invigorating breaths, what heartfelt softness in the air, braces us, and as we take each other's hands, or the hands of the guide, and dive beneath the crystal coolness, how we feel that it is a friend. No thought of treachery, but only of love, is in our hearts. How those little girls laugh and shrink, and then grow brave, and go under and out again, as if they were leaping fishes. And there is an old lady, who has been persuaded to commit herself to the vasty deep for a few minutes, how she

gasps as she comes up all straight, with the brine streaming from her great Leghorn flat—one can but smile, and think of the more active and graceful porpoise; but she has one of the best hearts in the world, and floods cannot drown its goodness, so let her gain all the invigoration which she needs, and Heaven grant that she may long be spared on the earth, for her good deeds are manifold, and many call her blessed and praise her.

There is another matron descending the beach, to breast the wave—the salt of the earth, testing the salt of the sea. Bathe her limbs tenderly, ye waves, for her like ye shall seldom have in your bosom. She is the friend of the friendless, the comforter of the sorrowing, and an angel of mercy to the hopeless on the earth.

Yonder we see a man full of self-conceit—every movement which he has made through the day has shown it. Will he find the sea a friend, now that he has come to its side? Will the great sea stand back with respect, or teach him a lesson? Will it whisper or thunder in his ear of the greatness of God, and the littleness of man in comparison? If so, if he listens, he will gain health to his soul, and he will never forget the friendly sea.

How we feel that humility belongs to the finite, as we stroll alone on the long sandy beach and listen to these intonations if we may so speak, of the Infinite. Some morning as you walk, the sun has just risen, and the path of gold which he casts across the stretching waters, is so smooth in the distance, that it seems that your foot might tread it safely; again you stroll, and the sea seeming dead, "pulsates and becomes tremulous—the tide has heaved" and then you have the wonders of ebb or flow; and you feel as if it were a half-living thing, and hearken again and again to its utterances.

You go to your pillow at night, you are solemnized as you hear the continuous chorus of the surges, and you take your heart to task, and question it as to its purity and tenderness, and you resolve in the midst of the great anthem beneath the stars, that you will keep a conscience void of offense toward God and toward man.

Ennobling is companionship with the glorious sea—the sea, the sea, the dark, blue sea.

"But hold! when thy waters no longer shall roll, And the firmament's length is rolled back like a scroll,

Then, then shall the spirit that sighs by thee now Be more mighty, more changeless, more lasting than thou."

LEVINA.

PARENTS must never put away their own youth. They must never cease to be young. Their sympathies and sensibilities should be always quick and fresh. They must be susceptible. They must love that which God made the child to love. Children need not only government, firm and mild, but sympathy, warm and tender. So long as parents are their best and most agreeable companions, children are comparatively safe, even in the society of others.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE HEART,

OR SOME OF THE WAYS IN WHICH PRIDE AND SELFISHNESS APPEAR.

1st. In setting a high value on our kindness or labors for the good of others; or by excessive impatience or mortification at ingratitude, or want of success.

2d. In being over-tenacious of our own property, and ready to resent encroachments upon it.

3d. In strictly assuming the dignity, rights, or privileges that we think our due, and being mortified with disrespect or neglect.

4th. In the risings of anger or revenge at any contempt or ill usage.

5th. By impatience at contradiction, and irritation if our self-will be at all thwarted.

6th. In a reluctance to give up our own will to obey the will of another:—this is so strong in some characters, that when a desire is expressed to lead them, it is sufficient to excite resistance.

7th. By dislike to be dictated to, or found fault with.

8th. By a high esteem of our own opinion, and unwillingness to yield it to another; and a desire to rule and have everything our own way.

9th. In vexation at being blamed when we deserve it, offense at being suspected if we do not, and a spirit of self-justification and retort.

10th. By a reluctance to condemn ourselves, or confess ourselves in the wrong even in trifles; and a tenacious adherence to what we have once advanced in argument.

11th. In prejudice against those who dislike us, or have told us of our fault, crossed our self-will, or interfered with our interest, pleasure, or comfort.

12th. By a desire for the praise of men, for honors or distinctions.

13th. By preferring the favor of the great only on account of their rank, fortune, or influence.

14th. In showing kindness to others from motives of self-interest, or self-gratification.

15th. By accepting and being pleased with praise that we are not wholly worthy of; or allowing ourselves to be elated with that commendation which is our due from others, and not simply and truly desiring to give all the glory to God.

16th. By jealousy of the love or preference shown to others.

17th. By indulging the pride of appearance in dress, house, furniture, table, equipage, or any outward thing.

18th. In a feeling of self-importance, and using the gifts of nature or Providence to feed our vanity or pride.

19th. In the unrestrained indulgence in any thing, however lawful, merely for our sensual gratification.

20th. By feeling a cold interest in the concerns of others, listening to them merely from civility whilst ready to talk much of our own.

21st. By relating with a secret complacency the faults or injudiciousness of others, compared

with our own better judgment or conduct in the same particulars, or the good effect of our own advice.

22d. By making representations to others that have a tendency to display advantages that we possess in riches, connections, reputation, &c., or good actions we have performed.

23d. By imposing any little trouble or difficulty on a company, instead of willingly taking it upon ourselves.

24th. In considering our own ease or pleasure in our domestic habits or arrangements rather than making any sacrifice to those we live with.

25th. In making trifling annoyances or inconveniences of importance, and suffering them to irritate our temper.

26th. By withholding money, or giving it sparingly, or spending any in self-indulgence which might be better applied for the relief of the poor or to the cause of religion.

27th. By spending money in some instances extravagantly, to be esteemed liberal.

28th. By feeling exalted with riches or ashamed of poverty.

29th. By aiming at an appearance beyond our property and income.

30th. In feeling pain and impatience at being under an obligation to any one.

31st. In expecting much personal attention from others.

32d. By resisting whatever is humbling to us.

May every professor of Christianity seriously seek that spirit of Christ by which he may truly mortify and subdue the carnal mind; the grace he needs is the purchase of the Saviour's sufferings, and can only be rendered effectual by a submission to the power of His Cross, who emphatically declared, "Every plant that my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up."

For the Advocate and Guardian.

### "PASSING AWAY."

BY T. D. C. MILLER.

'Tis not alone, the tender flower  
Is doomed to quick decay;  
But man, with all his boast of power,  
Frail man must pass away.  
His pride of strength avails him naught,  
The hand of Death to stay;  
But soon of each it must be said,  
He lived—and passed away.

I stood beside a youthful form—  
Life's morn to her was gay;  
Soon, tolling bell, in accents clear  
Proclaimed she'd passed away;  
Though sorrowing friends around her stood,  
Death granted no delay.  
They gazed but on her lifeless form,  
For she had passed away.

An infant slept in calm repose,  
It never waked to play;  
It calmly slept its last, long sleep—  
It too had passed away.  
No terror seized that infant breast,  
Death caused it no dismay;  
'Twas Jesus called, in accents mild,  
"Come, blest one! come away!"

I saw a bent and aged man,  
Whose locks were tinged with gray;  
His tottering step distinctly said,  
He soon must pass away.  
Yet, still he lived, nor seemed to heed  
Each warning, day by day;  
I looked again, but saw him not,  
For he had passed away.

Oh, may we all strive so to live,  
That we with joy may say  
"Welcome, O Death! thou hast no sting!"  
And calmly pass away.  
*Fair Haven, Vt., June, 1861.*

### NO EXCUSES.

WE grant you the work is sometimes disheartening; but is there no discouragement in your labors for time? Are there no drawbacks in your occupations here? And do you shrink from them? Does not the prospect of earthly rewards keep you from desponding or giving up? Oh! then, know if you labor for God on earth, you shall rest in heaven. He judges only those as worthy of great reward, who work. Now for the action, heaven for the reaction. Now bear the cross, in heaven you will wear the crown; and is not that crown placed on the brow of him who converteth one sinner from the error of his ways—a crown of far greater glory than all the crowns and honors of earth, more enduring than time itself, and its praises more exalted than the heavens. Be stirred up, then, not only to enter the field, but to enter with a greater zeal and a stronger purpose, a more earnest heart and willing mind than you put forth to your daily employments; if the reaction is not to be compared with earth's, the struggle for it ought to be all the greater.

### REVIVAL IN AN ORPHAN HOUSE.

THE awakening in the Orphan House, in Elberfeld, Germany, continues to attract much attention. On the one side stand seven of the evangelical pastors of Elberfeld, who have been constantly visiting the institution, and are most intimately acquainted with the whole case. These clergymen testify that the most marked features observable among the children have been sorrow for sin, and crying to God for mercy. Many of the very worst of the children have been so thoroughly changed, that their whole conduct and character are something quite new. The seven pastors above named are treated as if rebels and exciting to rebellion, because they, in a most temperate spirit, merely complain of magistrates interfering with what belongs to the church alone. In the meantime the people of God are strengthened and encouraged, and many have been added to the church, so that in not merely the immediate neighborhood, but even the whole length and breadth of the land, the prayer-meetings have been places of great refreshment. The gospel

is also gladly heard by the common people, so that a system of itinerating preaching might do unspeakable good in Germany at present.

### Correspondence.

*From the Portfolio of the Home Children's Secretary.*

LOVE is the sweetest bud that blows,  
Its beauty never dies;  
On earth, among the saints it grows,  
And ripens in the skies.

Dear Ladies,—Through the kindness of dear friends, I have received the *Advocate and Guardian* for over five years, and many, many times have its pages been perused and re-perused while I have lain here upon my couch, (for I have been an invalid for a number of years,) and very often has my heart been cheered and consoled by its many excellent articles, more especially those which speak of confiding trust in our heavenly Parent; they are, to me, what a refreshing shower is to the parched earth, they nourish, strengthen and revive the thirsty, fainting soul; and I greet their semi-monthly visits with joy. Is it not perfectly natural to us all, that the more we have of a good thing, the more we desire.

I have also found much sympathy awakened while reading the words of those, who like me, find the path of life to be through the vale of bodily suffering. Very much has my heart been interested in the account of those who have to pass through this vale in your city, and away from the genial influences of invigorating country air; and of those little ones who find a home in your hearts. Ever since I first perused your columns, I have longed to be able to contribute my mite for the benefit of your Home family, but my own dependence and poor health have prevented me till the past year, when with thankfulness, I was enabled to send a small offering to your Bazaar, accompanied with a prayer that it might fully accomplish a mission of good to some needy child of suffering.

Though deprived of many advantages enjoyed by those in health, yet my life is crowned with numberless mercies and blessings.

May He who thus giveth us such rich blessings to enjoy, ever open large hearts and willing hands to help you forward in all your works and labors of love and patience. KATIE.

*Groton City, June 25th, 1861.*

### LETTERS FROM TWO LITTLE SISTERS.

Dear Mrs. P.,—It is very warm to-day, and as it is recess, I thought I would write to you. I go to Sunday-school and church. I attend day-school too, and I expect to be examined for a higher grade in about two weeks. We have a nice library and a good teacher, they give

prizes for getting in scholars; and I got a copy of the Child's Paper, bound, for two years. At day-school we recite to four different teachers, I like them all very well. I study definitions, geography, history, grammar, mental and practical arithmetic. I expect to go up town this afternoon, and perhaps I will go and hear the Swiss bell-ringers; I have heard they are very fine performers. Your niece attends the same school as I do, I like her very much, she has been to see us, and we owe her a visit. Don't you think the war has thrown us into confusion? I hope our army will gain the victory and slavery be done away. Mrs. Penfield, I think you are strong for the Union, and so am I. Jennie and I have got a photograph of General Scott. Mother is going to have it framed. She told us about two little twin boys in the Home, six months old; I do wish somebody would take them. I read that story in the Advocate about Caro and Bessie, I think it is a nice one; I hope they will continue the history of them. I hope they are all well at the Home. Give my love to all, and accept this from L.

The elder sister writes:—"This is my thirteenth birthday, and I thought I would write you. I go to school, and study mental and practical arithmetic, spelling, geography, grammar, and take writing and music lessons. I hope to get into a higher school soon, I am working for it. This is a beautiful day, though it is very warm. I don't have much time now to write, for I have to study pretty hard. I should like to have you come and see us very much. We have a very good Sunday-school here, but not as good as the one we attended in Cleveland. Yours, affectionately, J.

PLEASING TESTIMONY FROM A FOSTER-PARENT.

Dear Madam: I see by your circular you wish some information from our little "Home" boy. We have given him our own name. He attends church and Sunday-school regularly; he has some talent for music, and sings alto with the choir. He is honest and truthful, and wishes always to do right.

His health is pretty good. He attends school and is well advanced in his studies. This summer he is learning arithmetic, algebra, grammar and drawing; he is also taking lessons on the organ. He has a very good knowledge of geography, physiology, philosophy, American and English history, and writes a very good hand, composes well, and has a very fine voice for declaiming.

At the time of my dear husband's death, in May, 1859, I distrusted my own ability to restrain such a boy, and bring him up in such a manner that he would be useful to himself and make a good citizen; but his strong attachment for me seemed to increase, being left entirely to my care, and his kind heart and manly conduct have done much to tighten the

bond of affection which was growing up between us, and I find that even boys of twelve years can be restrained by kindness and affection; and were he my own son, I am sure I could not love him more.

Very truly, yours,  
J. N. D. S.

FROM A FOSTER-MOTHER.

Danby, June 17th, 1861.

"They were designed for us!"—I take my pen to inform you of the welfare of Samuel and Ann Maria. They are both well, and much pleased with their country-home. Should strangers see them, they would not think they were children by adoption.

We are much attached to them. S. goes to school and learns fast. He is an affectionate, smart, intelligent boy, though not always as truthful as he should be; but we pray and trust he will be led to forsake all wrong. He wishes me to say to the little boys at the Home he has got a yoke of spring calves, which he intends to plow with, a kitten, and a dog that churns for his mother three times a week, and father has fifty ducks that he helps feed morning and evening.

There have been many opportunities for our taking children before, but never was the hand of the Lord so plainly seen as in this case by us. I was, like many others, always opposed to taking a boy, but I would advise every one that has any such feelings just to take an interesting one, upon three months' trial, and I think their aversion will be gone entirely. There was a nice neok in our home for those children; they were designed for us. God help us to be faithful to our trust. After reading of the triumphant death of their mother I felt as if I could minister to their temporal wants, but I felt utterly incapable of ministering to their spiritual wants. I feel to trust God and pray for guidance that we may be instruments in His hands in instructing those dear children, and teaching them to love God, so that they can meet their dear mother, who has gone to that home which has been prepared for all those that love Him and keep His commandments. \* \* \*

Yours, respectfully,  
(MRS.) YOUNG.

[NOTE.—It may be regarded by some an item of interest, that the two children last named and their worthy foster-parents, may refer to Africa as their "father-land."—ED.]

DIED, May 25th, after a lingering and painful sickness of nearly a year, Mary Osborne, wife of Rev. John Moase, at Middleburgh, Schoharie Co., N. Y. For several years she was deeply interested in the Advocate and Guardian.

She was divinely supported in her affliction by the grace of God, and prepared, we trust, for a happier and better world. She leaves behind a husband and four daughters to mourn her loss.

A CARD.—Permit me, through the medium of your valuable paper, to express my sincere thanks to my grandmother, (Mrs. Rosetta Baldwin,) for her kindness in constituting me a life-member of the A. F. G. Society. The favor will be long and gratefully remembered. May her reward be sure. Yours, truly,

(Miss) CORNELIA ANTHONY.  
Atwater, July 9th, 1861.

A HOUSE full of children composes as powerful a group of motives as ever moved a heart or hand, and the secret of many a struggle and triumph in the world's battle may be found throned in its mother's lap at home, or done up in a little bundle of white flannel. A nation's hope, before now, has been found in a basket of bulrushes. Get ready to be afraid of the man that children are afraid of, and be sure that he who hates them is not himself worth loving.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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### ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN.

VOL. XXVII.

THE ADVOCATE AND GUARDIAN is the organ of the American Female Guardian Society, and *Home for the Friendless*, and is published under the supervision of a Committee, selected from its Officers. It is issued on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has a circulation of forty-five thousand.

The object of the Paper is to aid parents in the discharge of parental obligations, to guard the young from the snares that often lie concealed in life's pathway—to befriend the friendless—to protect and guard the neglected children of our cities, and train them to virtue and usefulness—in a word, to advocate "whatsoever things are pure, lovely and of good report." The avails of the paper, after meeting its current expenses, are devoted solely to objects of benevolence.

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Important Legacies have been lost to the Home through informality. It is therefore earnestly requested of those who design to benefit the Institution by giving it a place in their last Will and Testament, that they would use the following:

#### FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath to the American Female Guardian Society, incorporated by the Legislature of New York, in the year 1849, the sum of \$—, to be applied for the Benefit of the Home for the Friendless, or to other charitable uses of said Society.

The Will should be attested by three witnesses, who should write against their names, their place of residence, and state that they signed the instrument in the presence of the testator and each other, and that the testator declared to them that it was his or her last Will and Testament.

#### NOTICES.

The next meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Female Guardian Society will be held at the Home, 32 East 30th Street, on Wednesday, July 3, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Members of the Board and friends of the Society, are invited to attend without further notice.

#### INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

A regular meeting is held every Friday, at 10 A. M. in the Home Committee Room for the purpose of preparing work for the Industrial Schools. Ladies friendly to the effort are invited to attend.

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1st.—The Society aims to rescue from degradation, physical and moral, the children of want, homelessness and sorrow, wherever found—who may be committed to the Society in accordance with its Charter—and after a suitable probation in their institution, to learn to what they are best adapted, &c., to secure for them permanent country homes in Christian families.

2d.—To reach as many as possible of this same exposed class of children, who though prevented by surrounding circumstances, from becoming Home beneficiaries as inmates, may, nevertheless, be withdrawn from the education of the city street, taught habits of industry and propriety of conduct, the knowledge of the Bible, &c., and surrounded by influences that may be protective and saving.

(Several hundred of this class receive food, raiment, instruction and watch-care through the agency of the Society.)

3d.—To afford a place and means of protection for destitute respectable young women, without employment, friends or home, and within the age and circumstances of temptation.

4th.—To aid and encourage destitute American widows with small children, to avoid a separation as long as practicable, by furnishing apparel, bedding, etc. at discretion; securing remunerative employment as far as it may be obtained, and also to admonish the unwary of the moral pit-falls that often abound in the pathway of the lowly.

5th.—To use the Press to enlist the Public mind in behalf of the several classes and objects above named.

*Wants.*—The Home has been established fourteen years, and has sheltered, fed and clothed, temporarily, over 10,000 children and adults. It has been sustained mainly by charitable contributions, and at the present time is in special need of funds to meet its current expenses, and the pressing claims arising from its enlargement.

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Please always send post-office address—including COUNTY and STATE—in every letter; it saves much trouble, and prevents delay.

Postage on this Paper, in the State of New York, 6c. a year in advance. Out of New York State, 12c. a year, payable at the post-office, where the paper is received.

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Letters designed for publication, should be addressed to the *Editors of Advocate and Guardian*, 29 E. 29th Street, New York. Box 4740.

Letters designed for the Board or Executive Committee, and Reports of Auxiliaries, address Corresponding Secretaries, A. F. G. Soc. 29 E. 29th St. New York. Box 4740.

Letters concerning the *Advocate and Guardian*, and those containing funds for the Society, should be addressed

MRS. SARAH A. STONE,  
29 E. 29th Street,  
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The only safe way of transmitting funds, is by draft, payable to Mrs. Sarah A. Stone, Treasurer.